THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 14, 1807.

POSTSCRIPT
TO
THE RING.

(Continued from Page 650.)

THE bosom of the countess was fired with rage, and her pride severely mortified at the daring effrontery of her privy-counsellor Fidget.

That she had a spirit, cannot be doubted; a spirit that would repeatedly lose thousands at a sitting, a spirit to despise the most amiable man in the kingdom, a spirit to spurn at every tender, maternal, and conjugal duty; but as yet the idea of infidelity to her husband had not entered her head. A passion for gaming entirely obliterated and absorbed every other passion, and left no incentive or exercise for that of intrigue; and as to his lordship, she had lost all passion for him long ago. She would say—"The man's conduct is monstrous! shameful! I a peeress, (forgetting he had made her one) to be treated like a mere domestic drudge? There, like Archer, my pride brings me off."

After many pros and cons, she began to think the hint thrown out by Fidget, the result of true affection and regard, and, ringing the bell, determined to restore the faithful creature to her good graces, and entire confidence.

"Well, Fidget," on her entering, "has your better genius thought of any thing to stem the present current of affliction?"

"Truly, my lady, your ladyship was so angry, that I have done nothing but cry, and take on ever since. Nor have I (searching her pockets) such a thing as a *genius* about me."

" But, Fidget, were I even inclined to profit by the hint you have thrown out respecting this Bumkin Bounce, as he is termed (which, observe, I never shall in the way you have insinuated), how is it to be done, if I must go into the country? This will put to flight every prudent measure, and is, indisputably, what I am determined to avoid. To be sure he is a most detestable object in himself, but then he is the very tool for my purpose, being immensely *rich*, and a *fool*. Now if I could lure him on by a little coquetry 'till I had worked him into a violent passion for me, and make the simpleton believe I felt one in return, I might, under the pretence of borrowing, ease him of a few thousands, having him, between us, so much under thumb, that he dare not apply to my lord for re-payment. Do you understand me?"

" To be sure, my lady; why his honour, my lord, would cut his throat."

" Well, well, I will better explain in future. But every scheme must prove abortive, unless this detested journey can be postponed. Advise me what to do?"

" Fegs! my lady, I don't know what you can do, but cry and sob, and beg to be forgiven, as you used to do. Or suppose you was to be taken violently ill, and send for a physician. Or, oddsnigs! my lady, what do you think of sending for my young lord from school, and get him to intercede; you know his honour, my lord, doats on him, and can deny him nothing?"

" You have hit it, and it shall be tried. All is now at hazard; I must think and act with judgment and deliberation; as much at least, as the shortness of time will admit of."

Her ladyship kept her dressing-room the whole evening. In the morning she informed the earl she had had a very restless night, was much indisposed, and requested Augustus might be sent for immediately. The note was to be delivered by Fidget to himself, who was to observe every turn of his countenance, for the better guess at the success of their scheme. His lordship only returned a cool compliment as to her health, but said her son should be with her in a few hours; and Fidget was greatly of opinion, that his honour, my lord, was vastly pleased at the child's being sent for.

The boy was under private tuition with a clergyman residing a few miles distant from London, and his lordship, on finishing his morning's repast, went personally to fetch him.

The young lord had a strong resemblance to the beauty of his mother, with all the manly graces of his father blended. It was impossible to behold such an object with indifference; lost as the countess was to every tender feeling, she now, at the approach of her son, felt the transport of a maternal tear. She lavished on him caresses unbounded, and he was permitted to remain

remain with her the whole day. The child, who had never beheld such an appearance of affection in his mother before, delighted in retailing every minute attention that warmed and roused his filial heart to rapture, to his noble father, and concluded with a sigh, a moistened eye, and a countenance where dejection and concern were strongly painted, " that he feared his dear mama was unhappy, as she had shed abundance of tears."

To a man of his lordship's sensibility, the sympathising observance of his little son operated on his feeling heart like a stroke of electricity; he sighed heavily in return, though from a very different cause. He felt his injuries, he felt them deeply, and he felt also too sensibly that he still loved. He saw before him Heaven's best gift!—A pledge of the chaste, connubial embrace. He traced in the features of his darling boy the beauteous lineaments of his soul's idol—his *wife*—might she not still be reclaimed?—might not those tears be contritional? —the overflowings of a surcharged and self-convicted heart? —the effects of deep remorse, and sincere repentance?—If so, all might yet be well, without proceeding to extremities.

In the morning he received a very long and pathetic letter from his lady, well studied and digested. She knew, by experience, what was best calculated to operate on the feelings of a bosom, richly stored with the " milk of human kindness," suggesting to his consideration all that could be advanced by " wilful woman labouring for her purpose," which letter was delivered by her son—saying, " My dear papa, you cannot think how bitterly mama is crying. She is very ill indeed. Won't you send for a physician? or go yourself, to ask her how she does? she says she loves *you* dearly; she told me so yesterday twenty times, and did so cry!"

His lordship was greatly affected, and for a considerable time lost in deep reflection, but returned no answer to the letter, 'till about an hour before dinner, when he sent a few lines, informing her two or three friends would dine with him, and requested she would do the honours of his table as usual. His lady obeyed the summons, but did not appear 'till the bell rung for dinner. When her eye met her lord's, she put on a confused, downcast look, as if she had really felt the pangs of remorse.

After dinner the gentlemen went out, and his lordship did not return 'till supper time. He found her reading, apparently so engaged with the book, as not to perceive his entrance. He looked at her for some time without speaking, and 'then asked her the subject of her contemplation? She replied, it was Fielding's Amelia, that it had never fell in her way before (observe it had long kept its state with the rest of her books, and had now been selected by design), and had so caught her attention,

that she never found herself so interested in a story in her life.

" Why yes, my"—(He was going to say *my dear*, but caught the word before it tript his tongue)—" Yes, Madam, that excellent writer knew every avenue to the human heart; the virtues and the vices, the foibles or frailties, the propensities and passions of man he has accurately studied, and made his own. His characters are all drawn from nature, and his language so happily adapted, whether in high or low life, to persons and circumstances, that the mind never fails to be amused, delighted, and improved."

" I will not venture my judgment so far, to pronounce Amelia his master-piece, not having got far enough into it; but I have seen sufficient to aver it is a book that every *married* woman ought to read, and endeavour (heaving a long sigh) to inculcate, and practice, as far as her power lies, the admirable lessons it contains."

His lordship was astonished! the book appeared to act upon the mind as a talisman. He drew his chair a little nearer, and slided about in it in such a way, that somehow it got close to her ladyship's.

They then fell into a very serious conversation. A retrospect was taken of former occurrences, but with delicacy, and unshackled with passion or resentment; gentle remonstrance teemed with generous affection; her ladyship succumbed, a contritional shower of tears succeeded, his lordship kissed them away, sealed forgiveness on her lips, and the journey was, for the present, postponed.

In the morning, her ladyship graced the breakfast table with her presence, a favour the earl had not had conferred on him for years, his lady taking that repast in bed. Her son she greatly attended to, and cakes and sweetmeats were ordered for him in abundance. His lordship's heart beat to extacy, and as the air would remove languor, for she still pretended to be indisposed, proposed taking an excursion in Hyde Park before dinner.

To this her ladyship complied. Saying, with a fascinating smile—" My lord, you must positively consent to our dear Augustus making one of the party?"

Many a severe pang corroded the bosom of the fair traitress, in being deprived of her usual routine of company and dissipation; but at present her all was on the cast; a turn of the die would ruin all the prospects of future happiness in embryo. The thousands that were to flow from the purse of Bumpkin Bounce must have time to vegetate, the scheme must have time to ripen, and her only resource of comfort was, that she was acting the part of a profound politician, and that any inconvenience that supported a fixed station in town was better than an emigration to the country.

Her

Her intended dupe she had freqeently seen, since the new posture of affairs, and had began to pave the way by a marked complacency. One evening when he was announced, her ladyship was alone, and received him with a smile, observing he was come, most opportunely, to save her from the vapours, his wit and humour never failing to enliven whenever he approached. Bounce had never before received a compliment from any female above the degree of a mop-squeezer, how then must he feel at such a flattering one coming from the lips of a countess, and the most beautiful woman of her day? In short he could not feel at all, or if he did, it was he could not tell what. However he deemed some reply necessary; and after a stare of peculiar vacancy of expression, rubbing his shins, wriggling in his chair, and "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," pronounced that her ladyship had said—"*a damned good thing.*"

His lordship brought home with him a nobleman to supper, to which Bounce was invited to stay and partake. The lady contrived to place him near her, and selected for his plate some choice bits. The earl and his friend were deeply engaged in a conversation on a very popular measure, on which the opinions of the people were greatly divided, and the debates ran so high in the house, it was expected the minister would be overthrown. Bounce was a member of parliament, but he knew nothing at all of the business, nor was referred to by either concerning it. It is true, he got a very good address written *for* him, which appeared in several public prints, and that he had himself bellowed to his constituents that he was a true-born Englishman, and even went so far as to say, every man on the face of the globe ought to be a true-born Englishman, that freedom was his birth-right, and to cry out "liberty and property for ever!" but how that freedom had been first attained, or since supported, had never been the subject of his enquiry.

As the lady had no more share in the debate than himself, and smiled on every thing he said condescendingly sweet, he began to think it was time to come on a little, and give a few delicate hints of the strength and tenderness of his passion. He began with thrusting his cheek out with his tongue, as was usual with him, when he wished to appear important; tipt her a sly wink, nodding to the disputants, as a hint they were engaged, and would not observe; he also gave some gentle nudges with the elbow, to all of which her ladyship shewed a pleased and clear comprehension. Willing to enforce the arguments stronger he pressed as lightly on the tip of her ladyship's pretty foot, as a thick soled heavy boot would admit of, but not reaping any benefit or return from this loving manœuvre, he pressed the matter more home, when a loud howl from a dog under the table convinced him of his mistake, having trodden on the animal's

animal's foot, instead of her ladyship's. Growing late, the nobleman departed, and Bounce having no opportunity of pressing his suit further that night, withdrew also. He was not, however, slack in his visits, though he had not very frequent opportunities of entertaining her alone, so he was forced to confine his affections to nods, winks, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

Mr. NEILD's REMARKS *on* ILCHESTER GAOL.

GAOLER, Edward Scadding, salary 125l. Fees, felons 13s. 4d. debtors 14s. 4d. besides which the under-sheriff demands 6s. 8d. for his liberate. Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Rees; duty, prayers and sermon every Sunday; salary 50l. Surgeon, Mr. Poole; salary none, makes a bill. Allowance to debtors and felons, each a six-penny loaf per day, weight 27th of December, 1801, 2lb. 7oz. Numbers of prisoners, 1800, April 7th: 28 debtors, 36 felons, &c. 1801, December 27th: 29 debtors, 34 felons.

This gaol, which is likewise the county bridewell, is situate near the river, and great part of it is surrounded by a boundary wall; which, whilst it adds to its security, affords to the keeper a convenient garden for the growth of vegetables. The turnkey's lodge fronts the river, is on the left of the entrance gate, and there is a warm and cold bath on the right. Over these and the gateway are three sleeping-rooms. A small garden leads to the gaoler's house; which, though situate in the centre of the building, commands but a very small part of the prison. It has a cupola on the top, with a bell, which serves for the chapel, or for alarm.

There are five court-yards, the first of which, on the right hand, is for those who are committed for petty offences, or untill they pay a fine, and through which all must pass to the debtor's apartments; the pump, which is in a small yard adjoining, and supplies the whole prison with excellent spring water, is another means of intercourse. On the ground floor there are arcades for the prisoners in wet weather; over these are two stories, to which you ascend by a stone staircase, each containing five cells, 8 feet by 7, and 8 feet 6 inches high, fitted up with perforated iron bedsteads: straw (changed once a month, or oftener if necessary), a blanket, and a coverlet. Each cell has a double door, the outer iron-grated, the inner wood, which opens into a passage of four feet wide, the windows of which (four) look into the court. These cells have each a semicircular window, half glazed and half open, with sloping boards, and look into the keeper's garden; there is likewise an aperture in the

the wall, 18 inches by 9, for light and ventilation, in all except two, which are dark, and intended for the refractory. In this part of the prison common-side debtors sleep, but in the day time are allowed the use of the master's-side, debtors' court, as well as the mess-room and fire. Adjoining to the arcades is the keeper's cellar, and over it two stories, each containing six cells fitted up, &c. as those before described; these are appropriated to fines and petty offences. Master's-side debtors have a day-room and mess-room about 20 feet by 12 each, with seventeen lodging-rooms above, capable of accommodating thirty persons, for which they pay as per table; behind this building is a spacious court-yard, where they play at fives, skittles, &c. On the left entrance is the male felons' yard, with iron palisades towards the small garden in front of the keeper's house. On the ground-floor there is a place for coals, a large day-room (to which the county allows coals in severe weather), with arcades to walk under when it rains. Over these are two stories, each containing eight cells of the same size, and fitted up in the same manner as those already mentioned, with ten pounds of clean wheat straw every week.

The women debtors' court is 18 yards by 6, and was intended for the use of sick prisoners; it is separated from the men felons by a single iron palisade only, through which they can see and converse with each other. They have arcades under which they walk in wet weather; and over these are their two sleeping-rooms, and two infirmary-rooms. On the upper story are five cells, which, with six over the chapel, are appropriated to the most orderly of criminal prisoners, and have boarded floors. The chapel, to which there is access through the keeper's house, is on the felons' side of the prison, and the women convicts are out of sight of the other prisoners; the women debtors and criminals are seated in the gallery; the men debtors sit underneath; and the rest of the ground-floor is occupied by prisoners of all descriptions. The debtors are not obliged to go to chapel; and only eight out of twenty fines attended divine service when I was there.

Women felons. This court is rather larger than that of the men felons, and completely separated from it. There is a pump in it, but seldom used, because the water is not very good. On the ground-floor are fourteen cells, 10 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, and 8 feet 6 inches high, and a day-room. On the upper-story there is the same number of cells, and a lodge for a woman turnkey, who attends on the female prisoners, and is paid a weekly salary by the county. All the upper-cells open into an iron-railed gallery; and have wood bedsteads, with straw and blankets, according to the season. In the garden is the engine-house, by which reservoirs are filled, and the whole prison supplied with soft water, through pipes conveyed into the

respective courts. Prisoners are washed, shaved, and have a clean dowlas shirt every week; there is county cloathing provided, with brown and yellow stripes, but not being compelled to wear it they make every shift to do without, very few of the prisoners having it on at my visit. The sewers are judiciously placed, and not offensive. The whole prison is white-washed once or twice a year, as occasion requires or the cells occupied. The average number of prisoners the last seven years 78, in which period six only have died. Convicts have the king's allowance of 2s. 6d. a week. The act for the preservation of health, and clauses against spirituous liquors, both hung up. No employment furnished by the county; but three debtors who were handicraft trades were at work. The fifty shillings formerly paid from a legacy of Mr. Kelson, of Norton, to the poorest debtors at Midsummer, has been long discontinued, and I could get no information concerning it, no memorial being hung up. Assizes are never held here; the spring assize always at Taunton; the summer at Bridgewater and Wells, alternately. At Taunton and Wells the keepers lodge their prisoners at separate inns. At Bridgewater the prison is only one room under the town-hall, straw on the floor, and where I was informed fifty prisoners had been confined six days. For the conveyance of transports the keeper is allowed one shilling per mile each. This is the only prison in the county, except Bristol, to which there is now a chaplain; formerly there was one at Taunton and Shepton-Mallet, and the county had generously gone to the limit of the act by a salary of 50l. to each, but the chaplains having neglected their duty, the justices first reduced the salary, and afterwards took the whole off.

Ilchester, December 28, 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

This prison, situate in a remote corner of the county, on the banks of the river Yeovil, subjects its inhabitants, particularly debtors and fines, to many and great inconveniences; too far removed from their friends to receive occasional gratuities, and no manufactory in the town to afford them employ, they have an abundant claim to pity. Mr. Gye, the humane printer of the Bath paper, frequently represents their distressed situation, and receives benefactions for their relief; and it is a fortunate circumstance that the keeper is attentive and humane.

Believe me your's most sincerely,

JAMES NEILD.

P.S. I have just had the luxury of releasing a debtor, who was detained for his prison fees: his plaintiff had forgiven him his debt, but there was another demand of six shillings by the

under-sheriff for his liberate, which I was obliged to pay before the prisoner could be set at liberty.

To Doctor Lettsom, London.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 2.

"Life—the dear precarious boon!
Soon we lose—alas! how soon!
Fleeting vision, falsely gay,
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision! how it fades."

DR. HAWKSWORTH.

AM I again permitted to address my Ellen? Is the dreadful conflict of life and death subsided? Yes, (a thousand thanks to providence) it is. The storm is over, and the return of health, like the sweet dawning of spring, obliterates from the memory the painful ideas of the past tempest. Yes, my Ellen, I am just snatched from the devouring grave—philosophy!!—Talk not of philosophy in the hour of death! something far more substantial is necessary to quiet the apprehensions of conscience—oh

In that dread moment! how th' affrighted soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain: How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's.
A little longer! yet a little longer!
Oh might she stay to wash away her crimes,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror; whilst the foe,
Like a staunch blood-hound, steady to his purpose,
Through every lane of life pursues her close,
Nor misses once the way, but presses on,
'Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks.

In the possession of vigorous health few ideas of futurity intrude on our minds; the ardent pursuit of present enjoyment prevents the imagination from anticipating approaching dissolution, and its eventful consequences; this, I am aware, is the rock on which thousands split; this, my Ellen, is the phantom that allures the volatile and thoughtless to the tremendous pre-

cipice of destruction; and from which nothing but the interposition of divinity can preserve them. We may be careless: we may slumber in lethargic indifference, but eternity will eventually surprise us; its awful trumpet will shortly sound in our affrighted ears, and dissipate the delusions we so fondly cherish. Does this language alarm you, Ellen? does it terminate the giddy reign of pleasure, and enslave your mind in the chains of terror? I see not why it should. Is it possible that such a superior genius as your's should be entirely absorbed in the contemplation of transient and nugatory objects? objects as insufficient to satisfy the craving vacuity of an immortal soul, as the barren air is to feed and support a substantial body? Can you dedicate hours, days, and weeks to the consideration of some absurd fashion—some nondescript offspring of vanity, whilst the wonderful evolution of the planets, and the sublime and beautiful works of nature, remain unnoticed and unadmired? Believe me, it is a circumstance, which I most feelingly regret, that the disposition of the sex in general should be so repugnant to serious discussions; I regret it, Ellen, because it deprives them of gratifications far superior to any that can possibly be found in the insipid frivolity of fashionable conversation. And with respect to dress! what hours, what precious irrecoverable hours are thrown away in the contemplation and execution of it; surely St. Peter's advice on this subject is truly excellent; he tells you not to adorn yourselves with the plaiting of hair, and wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel, but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. It is not the *spleen*, Ellen, that induces me thus seriously to address you; on the contrary, I am stimulated by pure love and good-nature; affliction has taught me that vanity is sin, and as such I shall ever treat it. At present I am incapable of further discussion; the languor of confinement still exists, and must for awhile deprive me of my greatest pride and pleasure—that of pouring forth the feelings of my heart to the amiable Ellen.

Adieu,

X. EUGENIO.

To the EDITOR,

I have been insulted—grossly insulted, Mr. Editor, and I'm resolved to let the world know it. Taste! talk no more of *taste* in *my* presence; zounds! people have no more taste now a day than the man in the moon. Simplicity, Sir—simplicity is the very soul and essence of poetry, for which reason I have greatly admired many pathetic compositions of the present day, entitled, my mother, my brother, my sister, my uncle, &c. &c. &c. and not, I flatter myself, inferior to any of these,

MY

MY GRAMMER,

Composed by your humble servant, and of which I present you with a copy:

Since first in life's bright sphere I mov'd,
Tell me, fond memory, who has prov'd,
Of all my friends, the best belov'd?
MY GRAMMER!

In social smoaking ably skill'd,
Whilst from her lips rich streams distill'd,
My mimic pipe, who kindly fill'd?
MY GRAMMER!

And should fell sickness be my lot,
Who hourly to my chamber brought,
Sweet treacle-posset hot and hot?
MY GRAMMER!

When, comet-like, with fiery tail,
Should cane, or birch, or claws assail,
Who wept to hear my piteous tale?
MY GRAMMER!

Who oft', indulgent love to shew,
From hedge to hedge with progress slow,
With me a blackberrying would go?
MY GRAMMER!

Who bore about her darling Jack,
Like dapper pug, on Bruin's back,
And suffered many a stinging smack?
MY GRAMMER!

Oh! as on life's rough tide I move,
Each hour my gratitude shall prove,
And bless thy days with filial love,
MY GRAMMER!

And when I quit this scene of woe,
Should fate still keep *thee* here below,
My latest breath should vent—oh! oh!
MY GRAMMER!

There, Mr. Editor! there is simplicity of thought—of diction—of *every thing*—and yet (will you believe me?) when I read it to a party of my friends, they set up a horse laugh. I demanded an explanation, and, by my faith, they gave it, without hesitation: but I cannot repeat it. No, Sir, my very blood boils at the idea, and I'll ransack every corner of Parnassus, rather than not give them a handsome retort. Even *boys*, Sir,

mere striplings, sport opinions, forsooth, on the works of the literati. Fine times these, truly—Gad, I verily believe that the *rara temporum felicitas*, is again arrived, *in quibus sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet*. There's for ye, ladies! translate *that* if you can, with your *criticisms*.

I am, Mr. Editor, (excuse my warmth, Sir, but really when talents like *mine* are ridiculed—pray excuse me)

I am,

Your's, without sophistication,

X. ROGER RHYMER.

Description of the Sound, and adjacent Country.

[Translated from a German Pamphlet, published in Berlin, 1801.]

THE Sound is to the north, what the Straits in Gibraltar are to the south of Europe, and Elsineur and Helsingburg may be called the northern pillars of Hercules. It forms the communication between the North Sea and the Baltic.

The Sound is two miles and a half broad at the narrowest part, where the sand-banks on the Danish, and the Schecren rocks on the Swedish coast, confine the channel so much, that men of war, of a great draft of water, can only pass one after the other. The Danes have, from this circumstance, been enabled to establish a toll, which brings in a considerable sum, all ships that pass Elsineur being obliged to pay this duty.

Further to the eastward, particularly near Copenhagen, the Sound widens; but still there is scarcely room for vessels to manœuvre or fight, and the flotilla defending it might receive great support from the batteries ashore.

Zealand, the largest of the Danish islands, is about 160 miles long, and 120 broad. It produces barley, oats, and wheat. The pasture lands are very good. There are extensive woods of oak and beech, and the lakes abound with fish. The best harbour is that of Copenhagen, the metropolis and royal residence, built on the opposite side of the Strait, between Zealand and the island of Amak, and celebrated for its excellent port, and its convenient situation for trade. The city has a noble appearance from the sea, and is about two miles in length, one mile and a half in breadth, and six miles in circumference. Some writers estimate the number of inhabitants at 85,000, others 100,000.

In many of the streets the canals are deep enough to admit large ships to come close to the warehouses, a circumstance of the greatest convenience to the merchants. There is an university of some importance, (founded in 1478, by Christian the First, under the sanction of Pope Sextus IV.) an academy for artillery

artillery and naval cadets, a society of natural history, an academy for painting, royal society of sciences, belles lettres, and surgery, a veterinary school, a royal library, containing about 100,000 volumes, besides a large one belonging to the university, about 50 hospitals and poor-houses, a very spacious exchange, and a fine arsenal. Among other excellent manufactories, one of beautiful porcelain, established and carried on by F. H. Muller, an apothecary, deserves particular notice.

The round tower of the church of the Holy Trinity is reckoned a master-piece of architecture; it was built after a design of the celebrated astronomer, Christian Longomontanus. It is 150 feet high, and 60 feet in diameter, and the entrance is a spiral arch, so strong and spacious as to admit a coach to ascend to the top, an experiment which the Czar Peter the Great is said to have made in 1716. Copenhagen enjoys the privileges of a free port, and carries on a considerable trade. In 1768, upwards of 3800 ships entered inwards, and about 3700 cleared outwards. That Copenhagen is a place of great strength, both by nature and art, is evident from the three long and bloody sieges it sustained under Frederick I. Christian III. and Frederick III. though the fortifications were then by no means in the state they now are. As the town of Christian haven, built on the isle of Amack, is generally comprehended with Copenhagen, this island may be noticed here. It is 17 miles in length, by seven broad, and has a communication with the city by means of two bridges. The soil is uncommonly rich, and the island is considered as the garden and dairy of Copenhagen, to which the Amakers bring for sale all kinds of vegetables, milk, butter, and cheese, in great quantities.

Of the Danish towns within the Sound, the next in point of importance is Elsineur, built on the declivity of a mountain, directly opposite to Helsingburg, on the Swedish coast. It contains from 5 to 6000 inhabitants, who derive great benefit from the number of people passing through the town from Sweden to different parts of Denmark, and still more in consequence of the toll that is levied from all vessels passing the Sound, on which account each of the nations trading to the Baltic usually have a consul established here. Christian II. had an intention of ceding the town to the Dutch, but the inhabitants refused to comply with the order.

To the south of Elsineur is the important fortress of Cronenburg, begun by Frederick II. in 1577, and finished in 1585. The fortifications are in the best order, and the guns command the Sound, which is here not more than a mile and a half over, for men of war dare not keep near the Swedish shore, on account of the shoals.

The

The most important islands in the Sound are—1st, Amak, which has been already described. 2d, Saltholm, a small island belonging to the Danes, where there are excellent quarries of lime-stone, free-stone, and marble. This island is uninhabited, being overflowed in winter. 3d, Huen, or Ween, a fertile island, formerly an appendage of Zealand, but annexed to the Swedish crown, at the peace of Rotzchild. It was bestowed by Frederick II. on Tycho de Brahé, the celebrated astronomer, for the term of his life.

Remarks on the Danger of our Empire in India, from Russia and Persia.

By Mr. Bell, Editor of the Weekly Messenger.

WHAT may be the final close of our greatness in India, and the termination of an empire springing from honourable motives of commerce, but which, in its progress, has been tarnished by every vice that ambition and despotism ever knew, will always be a subject of serious contemplation. Like Aurengzebe, the famous oppressor and conqueror of the continent of Hindostan, the mercantile sovereigns of British India are in possession of an empire, which they have had better fortune in acquiring, than they are likely to have wisdom or luck in retaining,—like him too, they have allies who are not friends, and friends who are not allies, dependent enemies, and independent neutrals, and some that are neither one thing nor the other.

The present maxim, however, pursued in the government of British India, was one wholly unknown to the illustrious predecessor of the British merchants. To invite the weaker states of that vast continent to exchange sovereignty for protection, —in other words, liberty for property, was a mystery of politics not discovered 'till within these few years; and it is not to be doubted that, had Aurengzebe been acquainted with this maxim in the plenitude of his power, he would have employed it towards the security and firm establishment of that mighty empire, which so suddenly slipt through the fingers of his successors, and slipt, within a few years, into so many different, and independent governments.

There is certainly in modern history nothing more astonishing or whimsical than the means by which our empire has been acquired, and is now maintained in this distant quarter of the globe. We have provinces and kingdoms daily annexed to the British sceptre, which we scarcely knew where to look for in our maps, and have reduced the chiefs to be "drawers of

water and hewers of wood," in their own country, a race of men who lived in populous towns and cities, whilst our ancestors ate acorns in their woods.

The maxim left by the celebrated Hastings as a legacy to the future governors of India was, "Avoid a war with the Mahrattas—you cannot make them friends, and it is dangerous to make them enemies." Lord Cornwallis left the company a maxim of equal value—"Nothing but its debt (said he) can ever ruin India; if we can subdue this formidable enemy, which is every moment growing upon us, we shall assuredly be secure; the company will cease to be safe when it shall become insolvent."

Our late governor-general, Marquis Wellesley, seems to have had other ideas upon the subject. He was neither averse from war nor from extravagance; he neither dreaded debt nor the Mahrattas. The policy of this nobleman was singularly absurd; he judged it prudent to fight for empire in India whilst we were struggling for existence at home. He is an able man, however, though a little too vigorous for times and circumstances; and one maxim he has left us, in his notes upon the late war in India, which applies with great force to the circumstances of the present time. "It is not improbable (he observes) but that the British empire in India may experience a fate somewhat similar to that which precipitated the greatness of the Roman power. A remote and an unknown enemy may burst upon our security; the savage hordes on the north-east may rush down upon us, and the immense empire of Russia, which now almost touches upon our frontier, may, as she is extending her conquests into Persia or China, be induced to turn aside to discover what prey she may be able to seize in Hindostan."

This observation of the noble author's is of more value from some late hints which have been dropped in the Moniteur, with respect to the mediation which Russia has offered between England and France—we are there told, in language tolerably plain, that if England refuses to accept this mediation, Russia is to confederate with France against us; that Persia is to be employed as one of the main instruments of aggression; and an attack is to be immediately made upon our empire in the east.

This is certainly not improbable—we have seen the respect, not to say cajolery, with which the Persian embassy has been received at Paris.—A deputation from that empire was even entertained in the camp of Napoleon whilst occupied in the last campaign; and though his motive was doubtless, at that period, to stir up an enemy against Russia, and invite the Persians to attack the possessions of that power, which lie between the Caspian and the Euxine, it is not to be questioned but that

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his designs have changed with his circumstances, and that, instead of employing Persia against England, his intention is now to employ her against India.

Whether Russia will co-operate in this hostility we know not; but weak, we had almost said despicable, as is the court of Alexander, there is much reason to fear that the temptation of a very slight booty will put aside every principle of honour and national justice.

NEGRO FUNERAL.

[From Pinckard's Notes on the West-Indies.]

SEEING a crowd in one of the streets, and observing a kind of procession, we followed the multitude, and soon found ourselves in the train of a negro funeral. Wishing to witness the ceremony of interment, we proceeded to the burial ground with the throng. The corpse was conveyed in a neat small hearse, drawn by one horse. Six boys, twelve men, and forty-eight women walked behind in pairs, as followers, but I cannot say as deeply afflicted mourners. The females were neatly clad for the occasion, and mostly in white. Grief and lamentations were not among them; nor was even the semblance thereof assumed. No solemn dirge was heard, no deep sounding bell was tolled, no fearful silence held. It seemed a period of mirth and joy, instead of weeping and bewailing, the followers jumped and sported as they passed along, and talked and laughed with others in high festivity. The procession was closed each by five robust negro fishermen, who followed behind playing antic gambols, and dancing all the way to the grave.

At the gate of the burying ground the corpse was taken from the hearse, and borne by eight negroes, not upon their shoulders, but upon four clean white napkins placed under the coffin. The body was committed to the grave immediately on reaching it, without prayer or ceremony, and the coffin directly covered with earth: In doing this, much decent attention was observed; the mould was not shovelled in roughly with the spade, almost disturbing the dead with the rattling of stones and bones upon the coffin, but was first put into a basket, and then carefully emptied into the grave; an observance which might be adopted in England, very much to the comfort of the afflicted friends of the deceased.

During this process an old negro woman chanted an African air, and the multitude joined her in the chorus: It was not in the strain of a hymn, or solemn requiem, but was loud and lively, in unison with the other gaieties of the occasion.

Many were laughing and sporting the whole time with the fishermen, who danced and gambolled, during the ceremony, upon the neighbouring graves. From the moment the coffin was committed to the earth, nothing of order was maintained by the party. The attendants dispersed in various directions, retiring, or remaining, during the filling up of the grave, as inclination seemed to lead.

When the whole of the earth was replaced, several of the women who had staid to chant, in merry song over poor Jenny's clay, took up a handful of the mould, and threw it down again upon the grave of their departed friend, as the finishing of the ceremony, crying aloud, "God bless you, Jenny! good-bye! remember me to all friends t'other side of the sea, Jenny, tell 'em me come soon! good-bye Jenny; good-bye! see for send me good—to night Jenny, good-bye, good night, Jenny, good-bye!" All this was uttered in mirth and laughter, and accompanied with attitudes and gesticulations expressive of any thing but sorrow or sadness.

From the grave-digger we learned, that poor Jenny had been a washerwoman, and that the females who had so merrily sounded her requiem, had been her sud associates. They had full faith in Jenny's transmigration to meet her friends at her place of nativity; and their persuasion that death was only a removal from their present to their former home—a mere change from a state of slavery to a state of freedom did not barely alleviate, but wholly prevented, the natural grief and affliction arising from the loss of a friend. They confidently expected to hear from poor Jenny, or to know her influence in the way they most desired, before morning

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LUDGATE, LONDON.

AMONG the donations which were frequently made to the inmates of religious houses, many were appropriated to particular purposes. A tenement and its appurtenances by the gate at Ludgate were given to the nuns of St. Mary Clerkenwell to provide them *(calceamenta)* shoes.

Answer, by Tristram Bath, of Wendron, to J. Rowden's Question, inserted February 9.

PUT for the second letter $2x$, for the third y; then by the question $3x+2y=17$, and $3x^2+2xy=85$. Multiply the first by x, and substitute it in the second, we get $x=5$, and $y=1$, viz. $1=I$, and $5=V$, and the word is EXIVI.

Answer, by Corporal Colley, of St. German's, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted July 20.

DENHAM I have brought to sight,
Which is your poet if I'm right.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; R. Loosemore, T. Wyatt, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; a private of the Meneage volunteers; H. Ellis, and T. Williams, of Exeter; S. D. and G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; John Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Street; J. Trood, of Bridgewater; W. D. of Bristol; W. Plugg, of Perranzabuloe; P. I. P. a youth of the Roborough battalion; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

Answer, by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton, to T. Bullock's Charade, inserted July 27.

THE Christian's PRAYER God deigns to hear,
And unto him has giv'n
His holy BOOK, therein to look,
And learn the road to Heav'n.

*** Similar answers have been also received from W. D. Bristol; J. Lewis, of Poole; S. Williams, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; a youth of the Roborough battalion; G. A. T. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; T. Coumbe, of S. German's; W. Plugg, of Perranuthnoe; and a private of the Meneage volunteers.

A REBUS, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

ONE-HALF of a bird, to a river combine,
A city, dear gents. you with ease will define.

A CHARADE, *by Sylvio, of Plymouth-Dock.*

MY first (the parent of my second)
Changeful as woman's love is reckon'd;
With Anna by my whole I've stray'd,
Ere she was false—and I betray'd.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

I'M long and short, tho' it seems queer,
I'm sometimes round, and sometimes square;
Sometimes I'm crooked, sometimes straight;
Sometimes transparent as the light.
I am so odd, you'll find me oft,
Smooth and uneven, hard and soft;
I've also got a curious knack
Of carrying loads upon my back;
Exceeding strong; tho' oft I'm found
Unable to buoy half a pound:
This is not all; but furthermore,
I sometimes kill, and sometimes cure;
Now hear what else I've got to say—
Tho' life I often take away,
Yet I'm so useful unto man,
None live without me, no not one.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An HARVEST HOME.

THESE great and glorious weeks we see,
" Parent of good," belong to thee:
Which ev'ry day aloud proclaim
New hon urs to their Maker's name.

Thou scatterest o'er the parched plain
In softening show'rs, refreshing rain;
Revivi'st the vegetative soil,
Which soon repays the reaper's toil.

The waters in the furrows run,
Which, warm'd by the enlivening sun,
Produce, in fertile crops, the grain,
And plenty universal reigns.

The year thou crownest with thine hand;
Bestrew'st thy blessing o'er the land;
And mak'st a bounteous harvest smile
O'er happy Britons sea-girt isle.

HENRY ELLIS.

Exeter, August 24, 1807.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET *to* LOVE.

O Love! thou fruitful parent of extremes!
Of joy and griefs, the varying source—farewell!
No more my soul shall own thy potent spell,
Nor barter reason for thy idle dreams:

Set is the sun that all my hopes inspir'd;
Wither'd the wreath that bound my careless head;
False are those charms that first my bosom fir'd,
And all my joys and all my sorrows fled.

Indifference now, with icy fetters, binds
The heart that once with wild emotions beat;
This heart that now in friendship's haven finds,
From fate's rude storms, a calm and sure retreat.

Farewell, then love! contented thus I'll glide
Down the swift current of time's ebbing tide.

On the SUMMER SOLSTICE.

[Posthumous Stanzas of the Author of the Spiritual Quixote.]

FRESH from the genial lap of earth,
Behold yon lily rise;

Its

Its buds how tender at the birth,
'Till foster'd by the skies.

By vernal breezes gently fann'd,
It sips the morning dew,
And wider as its leaves expand,
Th' ascending stalk we view.

The silken blossoms next appear,
Which scarce the stem supports;
Its matchless charms then crown the year,
And mock the pride of courts.*

But ah! how short is beauty's reign,
Tho' blooming thus to day;
To-morrow sees it in its wane,
Droop, wither, and decay.

Thus, in his annual course, the sun,
From spring to summer's height,
Rejoices still each stage to run,
In all his splendour bright.

But, like the lustre of the flower,
(So swift the months go round)
The solstice hardly keeps an hour
Its stationary ground.

Tho' autumn for a while may cheer,
Soon winter takes its room,
And spreads o'er all our atmosphere
An universal gloom.

Such is the life of man, alas!
Fresh toys employ each stage;
From infancy to youth we pass,
From manhood to old age.

We, like the lily, fresh and gay,
Spring up at early dawn,
But fly before the sun's bright ray,
Like mists that skim the lawn.

Charm'd with each shifting scene we view,
Or ravish'd with a song;
Still charm'd with something strange or new,
Life gently rolls along.

But tired to find each joy so fast
Thus vanish'd from our sight;
The curtain drops, and then at last
All's wrapt in endless night.

Written June 21, 1804.

* *Vide* St. Matthew.

LITERARY BREAKFAST.

AS lately a sage on a fine ham was repasting,
(Tho' for breakfast too savoury I ween)
He exclaim'd to a friend who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine!

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cry'd,
And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
"Why, what is it else!" the sage quickly reply'd,
"When I'm making *large extracts from Bacon*."

QUIZ.